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FRANKLIN RAND, AGENT.

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For Zion's Herald.

THE MUTINIES IN INDIA.
We are about to enter upon the gathering and comprehensive presentation of the Mutiny in India, considered especially in its relations to the Missionary Cause. It was prepared by Mr. C. Henry St. John, and read at the Missionary Convent of the Bromfield St. Church, Boston. Mr. St. John is a member of that church, and shows himself thoroughly acquainted with the subject.

It was announced this morning by your pastor that a succinct history of the present revolt among the Sepoys in India would be given you this evening, and perhaps it may be expected that a somewhat detailed account would be presented for your information; but the impracticability—I may say, impossibility, of compressing such a narrative into the brief limits of an address, together with the difficulty of ascertaining facts and judging motives correctly at such a distance, must be evident to all. I can do no more than, in as few words as possible, give you a mere outline of the origin of this mutiny, gleanings my information from the most reliable sources. The secular papers amply afford the rest; and any one interested, (it is to be hoped all are,) in this matter, would do well to study the geography of India, and thereby be furnished with the means of intelligently comprehending the extent and bearings of what the papers furnish.

But before speaking of the fearful tempest that has so suddenly gathered over the skies of India—spreading havoc and suffering, unparalleled, among so many thousands of our race—shaking the onward progress of civilization and Christianity, and filling every philanthropic bosom with gloom and dismay—I would, by way of apology for introducing this subject to your notice, embody several questions which may float through many minds on this side the Atlantic, and at the same time, briefly indicate their answers. For instance, it may be asked by some, 1st. Are we, in this country, interested in, or affected by, the present state of affairs in India? 2d. Is it of any consequence to the people of the United States, whether Hindostan be governed by her own potencies, by Great Britain, or by any other foreign power? Is it a matter either for sorrow or rejoicing that an army of Hindoo Sepoys hitherto in the pay of England, should have risen against that power, and forcibly achieved their independence? And, 4th. Is it any concern of ours whether Hindoo, or Mohammedan, Catholicism, or Protestantism, commerce widening her means of intercourse, the British power ever ready to throw her arms of protection around the pious and disinterested missionary?

These, and many other cogent questions may be, and indeed are, asked by some amongst us. But any one who makes himself acquainted with the whole matter will find however diverse these questions may appear, yet so essentially interwoven are they that the answer to one involves the answer to the whole. Certainly this is neither the place nor the occasion for me to show you how our commercial or political relations are connected with India, or what effect the dismemberment or total stagnation of mercantile affairs consequent upon anarchy and misrule would have upon our trading interests; neither can I be permitted to discuss the moral or political right of Great Britain to govern India. But knowing the history of India from the earliest times to the present juncture in her affairs, we must be fully convinced of the happy changes wrought within a few years in regard to civilization, arts, commerce, laws, and religion, over the ignorance, indolence, barbarity, superstition, and vice that used to be the universal features of Hindoo society; and considering that none other than a free, enlightened, and especially Protestant power, could have wrought this change, and sown the seeds of a richer harvest in the future, surely no lover of the truth can hesitate one moment as to what should be his answer. But one grand question embraces the whole. It is one that concerns directly all true Christians in every part of the world, and more particularly of these States, united as we are with our English brethren in the spread of the gospel in India, and especially this society, who have so ably assisted in sending three of their brethren into that remote region. The question is this: Should the gospel be preached and protected in India? If this solemn query were put to the ballot of every thinking man in these United States, with what feelings should we regard the person, who, in defiance of that command—“Go into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature,” should give a negative vote? No, let heathenism and superstition reign as ever they have done; let no one interfere with their religion; trade with them, negotiate with them, but do not preach the gospel to them. This question, then, as I before intimated, involves all the others; and whosoever decides it negatively identifies himself with those who openly or secretly rejoice in the threatened subversion of Protestant civilization, freedom and influence in India, and would be no less pleased if the same calamity befell this land of the Pilgrim Fathers.

For many years the missionary societies of this country have been sending out preachers and teachers, building churches and schools, and contributing in various ways, liberally, toward the evangelization of India; hence we have a special interest in the affairs of that country.

But if we had not one mission in the land, the very fact of 150 or 180 millions of our race sitting in darkness and in the shadow of death is sufficient to awaken our warmest sympathies in their behalf. And now, when a mighty re-action has taken place, when superstition rises from her lair and roars defiance at the messengers of peace and good-will, is it not a time to beseech ourselves more than ever and stand in battle array against the foes of God and man? not that we are to fight with carnal weapons, but with the word of the word of God. . . . So that there is not a more important question before the notice of missionary societies of America than this one of India, at the present moment; and never was the song, more suitable to now:

From Greenland's top mountains,

From India's coral strand;

From down golden seas;

From many a ancient river;

From many a plain;

They call to deliver;

Their land from error's chain."

Since these first dark clouds of difficulty passed from the Indian skies and the war and愁ful rays of hope illuminated the onward path of the Christian missionary, up to within a few months past, all has been comparative success, peace and prosperity in that land. Beautiful were the feet of those upon the mountains who brought glad tidings. Ancient superstitions and venerable systems of error were slowly but surely expiring. Idols, neglected by their devotees, now crumbling to dust; and the temples of Brahma, Vishnu, and Shiva were being gradually assimilated with the molten debris of other days. The long, long night of error was drawing to a close, and the dawn and promise of gospel day was gilding the mountain peaks, the day-star was rising with healing in his wings. Where the ruthless arm of war once spread devastation and horror, behold were peace, joy, and love. Sweet villages embowered in all the profusion of oriental luxuriance were

scattered far and wide, from which arose the murmur of industry and the music of pleasant voices. Schools and seminaries gathered their thousands of bright-eyed children. The church spire pointed silently up to the blue vault, the pastor moved about among his flock, directing the inquiries to heaven and leading the way. Great cities and towns were rapidly filling with industrious and prosperous citizens, the schools of art and civilization. Serene countenances covered all; the sword was beaten into the plowshare and the spear into the pruning-hook. The wilderness and the solitary place were glad, and the desert rejoiced and blossomed as the rose. The promise of a rich harvest was there. The dusky oriental and the fair European grasped the ardent hand of trust and friendship. Every spicry gave forth the palmy fruit wafted to our ears the sweet tidings of peace and prosperity; every wave that rolled toward the coral strand brought to them the message of love, and hope, and congratulation.

Such were the encouraging aspects that India presented; such were the pleasant scenes and cheering realities that sustained the fainting friends of India on the banks of the Indus and of the Ganges, along the torrid shores of the Coromandel, and among the gloomy defiles of the Himalayas. In confirmation of this allow me to quote a passage from a recent address of the bishop of Calcutta to the people of England: “What can we do,” says the venerable bishop, “the inviting prospect which India presents? The fields white for harvest, and awaiting the hand of the reaper? Nations bursting the intellectual sleep of thirty centuries? Superstitions no longer in the giant strength of youth, but dying to their fall? Britain placed at the head of the most extensive empire ever vouchsafed to a western sceptre: that is, the only great power of Europe, professing the Protestant faith, intrusted with the thronging nations of Asia, whom she alone could teach? A paternal government employing every year of tranquillity in elevating and blessing the people, unexpectedly thrown upon its protection. No devastating plague, as in Egypt, no intestine wars; no despotic heathen or Mohammedan dominion prostrated for its prey. But legislation going forth with her laws, science lighting her lamp, education scattering the seeds of knowledge, commerce widening her means of intercourse, the British power ever ready to throw her arms of protection around the pious and disinterested missionary.”

These are not mere rhetorical extravagances; I could bring volumes of statistics and clouds of witness to corroborate every iota. But I trust this is unnecessary; my object is to convince you of the magnitude of that structure which has been reared, under God, in India by the tireless efforts of the Anglo-Saxons, that you may be better able to judge of the extent of that desolation with which it has been visited.

I shall now proceed to paint the dark picture; it must necessarily be a mere sketch. From a number of hypothetical primary causes that have been advanced, I select what appears to me at that time, the most rational and obvious.

The estimated population of India over whom Great Britain throws the weight of the bishop of Calcutta’s “egis of protection,” is something like a hundred and eighty millions; that is, about six times the number of the population of the United States. To cover this immense expanse, composed as it is of various and antagonistic nationalities, castes, creeds, England employs but comparatively few European troops—the great body of the India army being native regiments generally officered by Europeans. These native troops are the Sepoys. From the first settlement of the English in India up to the present, the government has refrained from tampering with the religious prejudices of these men, or, indeed with any section of the population. And if there is any blame to be attached to her conduct in this respect, it is that too much has been conceded to the bigoted and superstitious pagans; there has been far too much conformity with their manners and customs on the part of the English. Hence these Sepoys, having little else to do than parade about—well fed, well clad, and well remunerated—hitherto exhibited in their conduct, such from policy or affection, great attachment and fidelity to the government. For many generations their chief labor has been to keep their accounts in order, eat and drink what they pleased, and receive pay for so doing. While, at the same time, they felt not the least restraint upon their pagan usages—they were freely permitted to worship their own god, to eat their own rice diet, observe their days, to maintain the strictest integrity of their castes, and the only difference they found in coming into the service of England was, that whereas before they were laborers or vagrants, then they were paid *idlers*. But this is all that was required of them in time of war. As to the general population of India, they were not, as can be satisfactorily shown, any way conveniently affected in their liberties, either civil or religious, except that they were protected by the strong arm of England, *in both*. The question is this: Should the gospel be preached and protected in India? If this solemn query were put to the ballot of every thinking man in these United States, with what feelings should we regard the person, who, in defiance of that command—“Go into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature,” should give a negative vote?

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For Zion's Herald.

THE METHODIST CHURCHES IN CANADA.
The Canadian Wesleyan Methodist New Connection Church, is the third in number, of the Methodist Churches in Canada. It originated in a secession before the regular Methodist Church separated from the M. E. Church.

Henry Ryan had been sent into Canada by our Bishops, to labor, sometime prior to the war of 1812. He was a man of powerful frame and great physical vigor, very zealous, fervent and laborious, and, though not possessed of large intellect, attracted the masses, and was very popular, especially among the Indians. During the war the Province was almost entirely deserted by the other preachers, and he performed an incredible amount of labor, and endured wonderful hardships, in meeting his appointments and keeping the societies together. His conduct at that trying time contributed largely to his influence, and his great and increasing popularity made him ambitious. An independent church in Canada, with Henry Ryan as Bishop, was doubtless the object of his aspirations. Accordingly he set himself to work to accomplish this object. It was a very easy matter to excite the political and national prejudices of the people at that time, and so he commenced pulling upon that string.

There were two classes of men whose Toryism was very strong. The Orange Irishmen (Mr. Ryan was himself an Irishman) and a portion of the Tories who had left this country at the time of the Revolution. Among these he went arousing their animosity, and when they finally seemed to be reconciled, he set himself to work to accomplish this object. It was a very easy matter to excite the political and national prejudices of the people at that time, and so he commenced pulling upon that string.

After some years of agitation, a convention was called at the instance of Messrs. Ryan and Jackson, to take into consideration these questions upon which they had been agitating. The preachers of the Conference were alarmed at this, and sought to prevent it, but not always in the most judicious manner either. They were frequently somewhat dictatorial, and forbade the members going to the convention on pain of excommunication. This had the contrary effect from what was intended, and they were mostly men of the above-named character. The question of lay delegation was also presented, and the people were taught by Mr. Ryan and his especial conductor, Mr. Jackson, that it was tyrannical in the Conference not to admit lay delegates.

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Poetry.

Zion's Herald.

SPIRIT LONGINGS.

O, I'm weary, very weary
Of the gloomy ways of earth,
And my fitter spirit pine,
Pleaseth for a heavenly birth.

Plight for those blissful regions
Whither sorrows never come;
For a home among the ransomed,
With the angel bands to roan.

Joyfully I'd lowly lay me,
Gently on my cold earth bed,
Could I on my Saviour's bosom
Sweetly rest my weary head.

Could I touch those golden harps-string,
Could I join the raptured song,
Could I raise my voice triumphant
With the glorious seraph throng.

Yet thy will be done, O Father,
Even if it binds me here,
Even if I struggle longer,
Struggle on mid doubt and fear.

But I wait thy message, Father,
Joyful message, "Child, come home!"
Then I'll burst my bonds asunder,
Conqueror over Death I'll come.

Woonsocket, R. I. MERRIE MARTINE.

For Zion's Herald.

THE FIRE.

First / first / first /
For the evening air is raw,
While bats caught up the cry,
And with a cold and icy clang
They pealed forth wild and high,

First / first / first /

Books full valched—screws grew pale—
Hushed was each son of earth,
As from that done—pride of the vale,
The ruthless flames burst forth;
Aye, leaped they like fire spits dire,
And mocked the towering crowd,
And waved their wings still and higher,
While like a dismal shroud.

O'er hill and vale and whispering grove,
Many a waving fold
Of black smoke hung—the sparks invento
Gleaming like burnished gold,
And though they strove—tho' motley throng
The raging flames to stay,
Yet like the tyrant, wrong,
They held imperial sway!

Crash! crash!

And now, low laid that new-built dome,
The Wilbraham student's pleasant home!
Aye, low in the dust it lay,
'Twas as those fatal fair,
We're in life's early day,
And deck with beauty rare!

Ah, on that scene so fraught with woe,
The moonbeams east a suddenly glowed,
While, with night-wade softly sighing,
The "Rubicon" whanted a requiem low
For beauty in ashes lying!

Day dawned, and on the desolation deep
Wrought by the incendiary's reckless hand,
He gazed, with woefulness that knew no sleep,
And toils, and prayers, had bade the structure stand,
Sadly he gazed, then turning, sought the place
Where from their new-found homes students had come
As erst at morn and eve in prayer and praise
To worship Him who sits on heaven's high throne.

God's holy word he read—then hushed knelt
And prayed for grace to bear the blow that dealt,
While, borne aloft by that deep fervent prayer,
Full many hearts no longer knew despair!

Then with a peace and calm he rose,
And thus he spoke: "There's one on high, who knows
The woes or woes, who when weans make
Their wrath to praise him, for his own name's sake!

Yes, though we feel his chastening rod,
Our trust is in the living God!Though low is laid our home, still in despair
And idleness O let us not sit down,

For soon shall rise another home as fair,
Patient, unwavering soul to stand and crown!

Wilbraham, Nov.

ENOLA.

Sketches.

Zion's Herald.

LEAVES FROM THE PORTFOLIO OF A CITY MISSIONARY—NO. 11.

EDITH RIVERS.

Harry Gilbert's Wife.

"Jesus, is not yet too late to retract your decision. Are you sure that you have fully weighed the perils to which you expose yourself and little ones, by following the fortunes of that seagoing crew? A fellow has come to you, who has brought to your heart right beneath the eyes of your natural protectors—what will he not dare to do, away in that distant city, where, though crowded by human beings, you will feel as much alone as if you were a denizen of the veriest wilderness."

"I know it all, father; and if you had used one half the persuasion to me from uniting my fate with Harry, that you do now to sever us, I had not been a wife. Though he squandered my dowry, and caused me to be a burden to you, I still have a life spent amid the perfume of his breath, and with temptation would have been his bane; and he would pluck flowers down, and feel his heart press against your bosom, which his fare now slipping. I do believe the time will come, when, sick of the gross and unsatisfying pleasures of his wayward life, he will turn from them, and seek more refined enjoyment. I am, then, father, I will be at his side, to point him to the only true source of happiness, to strengthen him when he falters, and rejoice with him in the day of victory."

He said, "I give you a father's blessing, and she will go forth in her shadowed way, firmer in the path of duty."

Tears gathered in the prophet's soft eyes, but an unavailing purpose was written out upon the earnest, honest brow, as she stood, with her arms folded in a simple attitude, and a most winsome smile on the threshold of the home of her birth. A stage couch was drawn up before the door, and the driver, assisted by a young man with a flushed face and downcast manner, was bidding his horses to pass upon the almighty broad pile of baggage.

The father gazed with a saddened gaze upon the soul-features of his much-loved daughter. The man of years and experience was not moved by the gilded hopes and brow, yet he was not at all moved by the foolish love and true heroism that inspired a woman to relinquish a home of wealth and happiness, to share a life of roving penury, for the sake of a partner who had been of late but little service to her. The horse was forced to take his lips could not articulate, as he witnessed the fond, somewhat parings of mother and child, brother and sister, that clasped her in a silent embrace, and lifted her into the waiting carriage. There was hardly room for the boy and girl beside their mother and brother, who was forced to take the outside seat with the driver.

The warm-hearted daughter was leaning out of the coach window with her cheek pressed closely to that of her father, clinging to his neck with frantic grief.

"Don't, Jessie, dear, you'll come home again soon, and you will find your father's words true. Do not fear to apply to me in any emergency, and for the sake of the love we bear you, always keep us informed of your place and condition."

The last broken adieu mingled with the sound of rattling wheels, and the clanking of impatient horses. The last look of the dear old homestead, with its

green hills and valleys, every step of which had been pressed by her childhood's feet, was taken, and Jessie threw herself back upon the cushions, drawing her veil over her face, and wept in silence and bitterness. She had left home, the road she was to take him, the tea-table, the mother wiped them away, and hushed him again to rest.

There was another home, on which her eyes would fain linger the latest. Clinging in the dim light, she had been close to the brow of the distant hill, and in the gloom a mountain surprise, the sun had set upon her vision. As the horses clattered with their weary load slowly up the coilings and in the masonry of the church, drawing her thoughts from the village church, supported by a strong arm, she was led, the mother wiped them away, and hushed him again to rest.

It seemed an age to the anxious mother, while her careful employee was closely examining "hand, gusset and seam." At last, apparently pleased to try his scrutiny, he proceeded to pay her for her work, at the liberal price of eight cents a piece!

Just as the other workers were entering on Washington Street, an alarm bell rung out from the steeple of the street containing the dwelling, given the stroke of the bell, and said her foolish little heart for the extra throb it gave, as they conveyed the information that the fire was within the limits of the ward in which she lived. But when, in answer to her mother's question, she said, "I am not afraid to go to my work," she was led, the mother wiped them away, and hushed him again to rest.

The hill-top was gained, and, as she went down the narrow side-path, the bride of Harry Gilbert. Again the low, impassioned voices of affection that was to be, she learned the truth, when returning from the village church, supported by a strong arm, she was led, the mother wiped them away, and hushed him again to rest.

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It was a home pleasant, too, though her price was high. The pure white scroll that marks the spot where was laid the dust of angel-wings—removed from the dampness of a city tomb, at the door of which the dead were laid, she had laid her shrouded body beside her daughter's breast.

It was in his own pleasant parlor, tastefully adorned with the pictures of his wife, the girl, sitting richly through the embroidery-draped windows, while the pure voices of Indian maidens, day-sleeping grandmothers, and old women, singing the old songs of the West, were heard.

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